



If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought--Let It Crack!--WENDELL PHILLIPS

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## IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

### Conspiracy Against Spain Continues

Bilbao has fallen to the fascist hordes of Italy, Germany and General Franco. But, as many impartial correspondents at the battle front pointed out, the "victory" of Franco could never have come about if it were not for the existence of the infamous "non-intervention" committee on one hand and the most shameful direct acts of deceit and treachery committed by the Anthony Edens in behalf of British Imperialist interests on the other. Bilbao was actually starved into submission as well as deprived of any medical aid that was needed for the wounded by the perfidious blockade of the 27 nations, and principally by Great Britain. Let no socialist or bolshevik forget for one moment that among the governmental leaders of the infamous 27 nations' "non-intervention" committee are leading socialists as well as bolsheviks. Should they want to forget it, the defeats inflicted upon the heroic struggling people of Spain against a world of armed and sinister enemies, will recall it for all times to come.

The Negrin Government of Spain that supplanted the Caballero one has evidently failed to make the secret bargain it had hoped to, with the Anthony Edens in behalf of world capitalism. And it is in the fall of Bilbao and the failure of the Negrin regime to prevent this that the people of Spain should read a warning and lesson therefrom.

It is not the Caballero or Negrin Governments that can save the heroic struggling masses of Spain. Neither will any vain hopes for real assistance from the misleaders of the labor movements of England, France or any other country. Nor will any Moscow-style ordained centralized method of warfare that can but saw hatred between sincere oppressed brother and brother instead of all fighting for liberation. What has saved Catalonia and Madrid from the fascist mercenaries is the sole common spirit of the knowledge that on one side stands fascism aiming to maintain and perpetuate the economic, political and spiritual enslavement of the masses and on the other side stands the people's determination to achieve their long sought-for day of emancipation. It is this latter spirit alone that can and will prove the deciding factor in this bloody warfare. The people must only rely on and trust in their own strength and readiness to fight for and to maintain every gain that they have made so far in their undaunted struggle for Freedom.

To judge by the sacrifices and heroism that the people of Spain have so far made and revealed, there is every hope that the lesson that they will derive from the fall of Bilbao and of the failure of the Negrin government to save it—will be one of renewed determination to fight on relentlessly—until Victory is theirs.

### "Democracies" Financing Fascism

The news as to what happened at the secret confab that the Premier Minister of the Belgian Government held recently with President Roosevelt seems to have shocked a bit the liberals of our country. Mr. Paul van Zeeland, lest it be forgotten, is himself a liberal. The so-called democracies of Europe have sent him as their emissary. Mr. Roosevelt's approval and aid was asked in the suggested plan to placate the two greatest-starved countries of Europe (as a result of the kind of rulerships they have).—Germany and Italy,—by financing them with loans!

If our shocked liberals would watch more closely the doings of British imperialism in the name of "democracy", they would spare themselves any undue pains. Several months ago, a correspondent of the New York Times revealed that General Franco could not have carried on his massacre-war against the people of Spain for one single day—despite all the help he has received from Germany and Italy—if it were not for the close to two billions in cash he has received for fruit and other products sold to British commercial interests!

Furthermore, at the very same time that the mountebank Anthony Eden was continuing his lyings before the House of Commons about the British rulers' "love to maintain neutrality", Mr. Frederick T. Birchall cabled from London to the New York Times (July 16, 1937) a story of a secret agreement that has been

formed between Franco, Germany and a British controlled Anglo-Netherland Syndicate—whereby this corporation with an initial capital of \$50,000,000 is to discount all bills at London for Franco, for any metals and other products that Franco will be selling to Germany!

Only the blind then can refuse to see how closely woven is the relationship of capitalism, and its governments, fascist or democracies alike.

Some day, perhaps sooner than many of the misleaders of mankind suspect, the people will awaken to a full realization that the uncompromising enemy of every form of exploitation, rulership or united front maneuvers—the Anarchist—is, after all is said and lied about him, nevertheless the only one who refuses to let himself be fooled by damogues and politicians alike.

### Cheating Their Own Protector

Our great democracy is simply blessed by the swarm of Congressional Committees that are constantly investigating this or that kind of breaking the laws of the land. The LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee is investigating how often and how deeply the "law" upholders and the industrial magnates of the country are disregarding and breaking any and every sort of law that portends to guarantee certain liberties to all the citizens alike. There is a Post Office Committee investigating somewhat similar infringements. Who indeed can remember and enumerate all the standing investigation committees of the House and the Senate? But, the latest Investigation Committee is simply a peach. It is named the Joint Congressional Tax Evasion Investigation Committee.

I suppose not many of you readers will be named before this Tax Evasion Committee, as were for instance real "prominent" citizens. For instance, Mr. W. R. Hearst has cheated the Government in tax evasions to the tune of \$5,111,708 in two years' time. Another prince by the actual name of F. H. Prince of Armour & Co. cheated the government to the tune of but \$1, 022,812. Another esteemed citizen, Mr. C. F. Katterling of General Motors, pocketed \$610,773, and so we could go on and on with a long revealed list.

Mr. J. P. Morgan openly stated that every "esteemed" citizen has a right, if not an actual duty, to cheat the Government in tax evasions—since the law allows you to do so. Another joker came forward to reveal that the present head of the taxation department of the Government had himself written several years ago a book outlining how one can avoid paying taxes.

When Henry David Thoreau refused to pay his personal tax for the simple reason that he did not avail himself of the services of any branch of the Government, he was thrown in jail, despite his just claim.

But the whole gentry of the leading exploiters of our land—can they too have the effrontery to claim that they do not avail themselves of the services of the Government? Every citadel that imprisons man, that degrades him by charity-relief, that throws him into jails, and every huge fortune that the exploiters of the land have piled up—do all these not bespeak of and are they not achieved by and through the legal protection that every branch of the Government gives to them? How can they then be such ungrateful ingrates? Have the rich really no conscience or self-respect? How will they greet their "maker" on "judgment-day"?

### "Christian Union" Vs. AFOL and CIO

The laboring man of our land is not to be envied. He finds himself encircled by so many dubious self-proclaimed saviours. One may indeed doubt if a single one of the saviours promising the oppressed armageddon could stand the scrutiny of any one's honest conscience.

There is the old-established AFOL, led by the non-too-clever William Green. Its past record is one of hob-nobbing with every reactionary force that is responsible for any infliction and outrage that has been committed against those militant men and women who have fought in the ever unceasing struggle for more justice and freedom. Scared into opening its doors to the Negro and underpaid worker, it hopes thereby to

save the soft jobs for its officials.

The CIO, led by the sinister and shrewd John L. Lewis, holds out many promises, in appearance at least. Chief of its present attractiveness to the masses lies in the fact that it is willing and ready to organize any worker into a union. And this is perhaps the most that one could put down to its credit. In its economic aim it differs not at all from that of the AFOL. They both offer the great (?) armageddon of wages to commensurate with the rising cost of living. The status quo of the present system and all that it implies, is to be left intact. It has nothing to fear from either movement.

If any illusioneed socialist or bolshevik worker that followed "party" instructions believed for a moment that the CIO was a radical trade union movement Mr. Lewis and Company have already dispelled this. The CIO has begun to ferret out every known "red" organizer, just as it has mapped out punishment against workers who go on "outlaw" strikes (shades of old Sammy Gompers...). The CIO has likewise refused to give aid to the rent strike movement begun last month in Michigan.

It is upon such a chaotic and unhealthy scene that the workers find themselves in that a brand new trade union movement, a Christian one, if you please—has made its public bow on June 13. We have in mind here "father" Coughlin's latest brain-storm-child, his Workers' Council for Social Justice. Its ten point program is as follows:

- I. A living annual wage.
- II. A just share in the profits.
- III. Elimination of exploitation of children and women.
- IV. A just system of taxation
- V. Fair rates on heat, power-lights and transportation.
- VI. Reducing interest on loans to 1-2 per cent.
- VII. Provide home ownership at low costs.
- VIII. Lower cloth and food prices.
- IX. Mutual saving bank for workers.
- X. Unionization of labor on a Christian, not a destructive basis.

Evidently the reigning hypocrite at Vatican City, the Pope, is not asleep, as the doings of his American ventriloquist amply shows. Fully realizing the impotence of both the AFOL and CIO as far as offering any real program for a change before the workers, the new ten-point program of "father" Coughlin puts indeed to shame the utter voidness upon which the first two organizations are based. As to whether Mr. Coughlin will be able to mislead the workers of America is hardly to be believed, if one is to judge of the "success" he had in placing last year Mr. Lemken in the White House.

In reality it is no new or original program that the holy "father" has brought forward. Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler have long ago risen to power upon identically similar programs. The resultant consequences are only too well known to the whole world. They have both brought nothing but misery and degradation, destruction of every scintilla of self-respect, sincerity, honesty, freedom to think, write, speak or print the truth—to the people of Italy and Germany.

The world is likewise fully aware what part the Catholic Church has and is playing in the raping and destruction of Spain by General Franco.

The workers of America will therefore smell the rat of Rome, even when it comes forward via Detroit. Neither can they lay any hope of deliverance from every form of oppression and exploitation via the AFOL or CIO.

The only hope of any value, the only trust and faith that the oppressed of the land need to awaken to, is the realization of their own inherent power—to achieve true emancipation. No Greens, Lewises or Coughlins will ever aid them in such a task. This they must achieve themselves. And the program is a much shorter one than that of a Coughlin. It is: Liberty to live, liberty to create and liberty to enjoy the full fruits of one's labor. This, and nothing short of it, can or ever will satisfy the oppressed and exploited of this or any other land.

Marcus Graham



# WHAT HAPPENED IN BARCELONA DURING MAY 3-8?

*Very little truthful information is known to the readers of the American press as to what really took place in Barcelona during the eventful days of May 3-8, of this year. There has been printed plenty of misinformation tho, most notably in the "liberal" NATION, whose editors, when proven as traducers of the Anarchists, attempted to hide behind the skirts of their ignoble pro-Moscow panyerist, Louis Fischer.*

*MANI, as is well known to its readers, has at no time approved of the Iberian Anarchist Federation (IAF) of Spain in identifying itself with the anarcho-syndicalist General Confederation of Labor (CNT) to the point of self-extinction. Neither has MANI condoned in that combined movement's act of joining the Catalanian or Madrid Governments, considering such action as a complete contradiction and negation of the very basic premise of the anarchist attitude towards Government.*

*MANI has, nevertheless, at no time kept aloof from exposing unscrupulous attempts to traduce that combined movement's actions by the avowed enemies of Anarchism. It is, therefore, but natural that MANI should present that movement's own detailed account as to what happened between May 3-8. It is taken from the pamphlet "The Tragic Week In May", written by Augustin Sauchy, and sponsored by the CNT-FAI.—EDITOR.*

From May 3rd to May 8th, Barcelona lived in a state of civil war. But this time the fight was not against an open fascist enemy; it was a struggle between the different tendencies composing the anti-fascist front. It was a struggle between those who represent the anti-fascist front in the outside world. The entire affair had a tragic significance. While in Aragon, Viscaya and other parts of Spain, the struggle is being waged against the fascist generals, in Barcelona it was a fight among brothers.

\* \* \*

There is a fundamental difference in the workers' organization, the C.N.T., and that of the petty bourgeoisie, the U.G.T.—in whose ranks workers have also been organized—both as to politics and as to their final goal. The U.G.T. accepted collectivization only under compulsion; they wanted nationalization, that is, the power of control to lie in the hands of the state and the political parties represented in it rather than in the hands of the workers' organizations. Friction arose, leading to collisions. Among the workers themselves, in the factories and in the management of enterprises, complete understanding and harmony reigned. Only in political questions did opinions differ.

When the C.N.T. entered the government on September 28th, 1936, after the dissolution of the Anti-fascist Militia Committee which had been functioning for two and a half months, it took over, officially, the Department of Food Supplies. A central department for food supplies was created under the direction of the syndicalist, Domenech.... Continuous conflicts arose between the members of the C.N.T. and those of the U.G.T., over ways and means of conducting the work. The conflicts created a scarcity of certain food articles. Things became more expensive; sharp political discussions arose as to their cause, and as to the value of the methods.

Three months later, December 16th, 1936, a new Catalan government had to be organized.—This crisis was of a purely political character. The POUM, Workers' Party of Marxist Union, was being viciously attacked by the leaders of the U. G. T., official communists for the most part. They declared the POUM, because of its Trotskyist tendency, a counter-revolutionary party.

The CNT acted loyally toward the anti-fascist cause when the new government was formed. It wanted to stop the fighting among the political parties. It made the proposal, and succeeded in having it accepted, that the Trade Unions, and not the political parties, should be represented in the new government. These trade unions were the CNT and the UGT. The Catalan Left, as a special expression of the Catalan Nation, and as partisans of the presidency, was also allowed to participate.

But there were those who still put their partisan interests above the interests of the proletariat as a whole. A campaign was begun against the CNT and the FAI of the same character as that employed against the POUM.... Such a malicious campaign had its effect. In January, 1937, an insurrection, arranged by the politicians, broke out against the CNT-FAI in the town of Fatarella. The insurrection, as such, was unimportant; but it was symptomatic. Six months had passed since the victory over the fascists, six months of revolutionary development which led, and had to lead, toward socialization. But certain parties wanted to reverse the trend of this development. They wanted a national war, not a Social Revolution. The slogan, "the war and the revolution," for which the CNT-FAI stands, was opposed by the slogan of all the other political parties: "First, we must win the war. Everything else, a new political order, establishment of social justice, etc., must be left untouched till the end of the war...." The conflicts became more intense. They wanted to manoeuvre the CNT-FAI out of their political positions. Blood flowed in Fatarella.

Grave discontent reigned among the workers. The revolutionary workers of Catalonia felt humiliated by the gradual curtailment of their revolutionary conquests after the 19th of July. The representatives of the CNT-FAI vigorously opposed the application of police measures to meet the discontent of the masses. The bourgeois elements, therefore, tried to remove the advocates of the syndicalists and the anarchists from their positions.... The following is an example of the preparations being made by certain elements for a fratricidal

war against the anarchists:

On Friday, March 5th, 1937, a few individuals presented an order, signed by Vallejo, director of the arms factories, to the arsenal in Barcelona, to give them ten armoured cars. The director of the arsenal found the document in order and delivered the cars. At the last moment doubts arose as to the authenticity of the order, and the director telephoned to Vallejo for verification. The document proved to be forged, but, in the meantime, the armoured cars had been driven away. They were followed and observed to go into the Voro-schilov Barracks, belonging to the PSUC, that is, the communists.... The purpose for thus stealing and hiding the armoured cars became more than clear to the people of Barcelona during the tragic May days.

A new crisis of the Generality was precipitated on March 27th.... The solution of this crisis proved to be very difficult. The demands of the PSUC, hiding behind the UGT, became ever more arrogant.... On April 16th, the crisis was finally solved, the CNT proving very complying. They renounced their former demands, modified the desires of the proletariat by pointing out the necessities of the war against fascism, and urged them to concentrate their forces for the period after the defeat of the fascists.

On April 25th, Roldan Cortada, prominent member of the PSUC was killed near Molins de Llobregat. With this lamentable act as a pretext the PSUC tried, through their authority over the Public Forces, to take measures of repression against the sympathizers and members of the CNT and the FAI. And although they did not accuse us directly of having committed the attentat, they nevertheless tried, through their actions, to place the moral responsibility for the criminal attentat upon our organizations. Indignation spread over the entire province of Barcelona, both for the deed, and for the harsh measures of the police. The Director of Public Security, Rodriguez Salas, was responsible for these measures.

A few days later the Anarchist mayor of Puigcerda, Antonia Martin, and three of his comrades were shot. The members of the FAI became very indignant over the murder of their comrade, Martin, whom they all loved and respected as one of their best. Political tempers rose. The First of May was approaching. The negotiations between the CNT and the UGT for joint demonstrations failed, owing to the manoeuvres of the communists, who controlled the UGT. Bitterness turned gradually into hate. Political passions dominated the scene.

On May 3rd, Rodriguez Salas launched a new attack against the CNT. Following a preconceived plan and carrying out the orders of the Minister of the Interior, issued behind the backs of the other Councillors, he broke into the Telephone Building with a force of 200 police. This was the last straw. The avalanche finally broke loose. The patience of the workers at last was at an end. They took action against this provocation.... About three o'clock in the afternoon of May 3rd, three motor lorries of police drove up to the telephone building under his personal command.... The workers defended themselves. A machine gun covered the police from an upper storey. They could not go beyond the first floor. While all this was taking place inside the building, word of the assault spread in the square, and soon after throughout the city. It was as though a match had been set to gunpowder. The workers of Barcelona, belonging to the CNT in an overwhelming majority, feared that this might be only the beginning of still further actions against their rights. People came from all parts of the city to see what had happened; the police tried to keep them back, the collision had taken place.

A few hours later, the entire city of Barcelona was in arms. The workers occupied a number of houses near Plaza Catalonia, but retired soon after. The police were concentrated near the police prefecture. The Catalan Minister of Interior, Artemio Aiguade, was with the police, and behind the whole section. With him were the masses of the armed Catalan Nationalists (Etat Catala), and the militants of the PSUC. Armed troops were also concentrated in the outer districts of Barcelona. It became clear to all that they were trying to make a putsch against the CNT and the FAI.

From the dungeons of dictatorship until today, the CNT and the FAI have always had their defence committees. These committees began to function at once, their members taking up arms.

In the face of the increasing tension among the people of Barcelona, the Regional Committee could keep silent no longer. Its secretary, Comrade Valerio Mas, together with some other comrades, went to Premier Tarradellas and to the Minister of the Interior, Aiguade, and asked them to remove the troops in order to pacify the population. Tarradellas as well as Aiguade assured them that they knew nothing about the incident of the Telephone Building. But it was to be proven later that Aiguade had himself given the order for the occupation of the Telephone Building.

The Regional Committee of the CNT announced by radio that they would do everything possible to compel the police to withdraw from the building. The workers were asked to maintain their calm and dignity. In the course of the negotiations, the government promised to order the retreat of the police. The armed workers also retreated. For the time being everything seemed to be normal again. But soon the news began to spread that Sala's police were disarming the workers, and once again the masses became anxious.... The workers were on guard. They did not trust the apparent peace and remained in watchful positions. In the meantime blood had already been shed.

Among the people the nervous tension continued. The workers demanded guarantees. They did not want any repetitions of such incidents. They demanded, through their

organization, the dismissal of the Secretary of Public Security, Salas, and of the Minister of the Interior, Aiguade. If these demands were not fulfilled, they would declare a general strike. Their resignations were not announced.... On the following days, the general strike broke out. Had the other parties agreed to the dismissal of these two men, calm would have been restored and the terrible tragedy avoided.

During the early hours of the morning the shooting started in the centre of the city.... At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, an exceptionally cruel and bloody incident occurred on Via Durruti, not far from Casa CNT-FAI, headquarters of the Regional Committees of these two organizations. Two cars were coming up the street from the direction of the docks to get to the Regional Committee. Some 300 metres away from the Casa, a barricade of Catalan city guards and members of the PSUC, with red bands tied around their arms, was located. As the cars approached this barricade, they were ordered to stop and surrender their weapons. As they were descending from their cars to carry out the order, they were shot down by volleys of rifle fire.... This incident, witnessed by many from the windows of the Casa CNT-FAI, aroused fierce indignation. The defenders of the Casa wanted to avenge the cowardly murder immediately. But in a conference held, they decided to allow even this provocation to go unanswered, so as to avoid still greater harm.

In the meantime, a sort of united front had been established between the Catalan Left (Esquerra), the Catalan Nationalists (Etat Catala), and the PSUC and UGT. They all defended the Minister of the Interior, Aiguade, and the Chief of Police, Rodriguez Salas, the two most directly responsible for the outbreak. This united front among the Ministers was carried into the street. Police, National Guards, Catalan city police, and members of the PSUC (affiliated to the 3rd International) and the UGT manned the barricades together against the workers of the CNT and the FAI, with whom the Party of Marxist Unity were also allied. This united front of all the left bourgeois parties with the communists against the syndicalist CNT and the anarchist FAI was ample proof that they were trying to create a situation in which they could remove the syndicalists and the anarchists from the government and discredit them among the workers.

Not only the Regional Committee of the CNT and FAI, and the assemblies of their delegates, not only the representatives of the various districts of the city, who were at the head of their barricades, favored a peaceful solution of the conflict, the National Committee of the CNT and its representatives in the Valencia also demanded it.

The secretary of the National Committee, Mariano Vasquez, speaking thus through the station of the Generality, said:

"We must stop what is now happening immediately. We must stop immediately so that our comrades at the front may see that we fully understand the present situation, so that they can face the enemy secure in the knowledge that they do not have to watch the rear because we cannot reach an agreement. Let us keep the present situation in mind! We must not suffer for another moment that feeling of collapse in the rear, which can only give comfort to fascism. Stop the shooting, Comrades! But let no one try to conquer new positions when the firing has stopped."

The negotiations in the Palace of the Generality continued during the entire night. Although the members of the syndicalist trade unions and of the Anarchist Federation of Iberia obeyed the appeal to stop hostilities, the rebel police, and even worse, the members of the other hostile parties, continued their criminal activities. During that very night the CNT Union of Hide and Leather workers were attacked in their headquarters. During the entire night intense rifle fire could be heard in the center of the city.

At 9:30 in the morning the assault guards offered a new provocation. They attacked the headquarters of the Medical Union at Santa Ana Square in the center of the city. At the same time they attacked, with greater fury, the headquarters of the Local Federation of the Libertarian Youth. The youth defended themselves heroically. Six young Anarchists were killed in the defense of their House. Both places telephoned the Regional Committee for help.... During the fighting between the Catalan city guards and the assault guards against the Libertarian Youth, an assault guard was taken prisoner, but set free soon after to have his slight wound treated professionally.

The proposals for armistice were accepted by the government, but the armed forces supposedly acting in defense of said government, paid no attention to it. During that afternoon they tried to encircle the quarters of the Regional Committee, the Casa CNT-FAI. The rebels built new barricades, closer to the Regional Committee. The shooting never stopped.

Rumors of the events in Barcelona reached the front. The well known Anarchist, Jover, rushed from Huesca to Barcelona. The militia at the front were concerned over the fate of Barcelona; they did not want it to fall into the hands of these counter-revolutionaries in disguise. It had become obvious that the Catalan city guards and the assault guards, both manoeuvred by agent provocateurs, and part of the petty bourgeoisie seemed to be on the side of the antifascist coalition government. Actually they were pursuing different aims.... Reports came in from all parts of Barcelona and from the provinces of Catalonia that the overwhelming majority of the population were with the CNT, and that most towns and villages were in the hands of our organizations. It would have been easy to attack the center of the city had the responsible committees so decided. They only had to appeal to the defence committees of the outlying districts. But the Regional

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Committee of the CNT was opposed to it. Every proposal of attack was unanimously rejected, including by the FAI.

A newly founded group, called "Friends of Durruti," functioning on the fringes of the CNT-FAI, published a proclamation declaring that "A Revolutionary Junta has been constituted in Barcelona. All those responsible for the putsch, manoeuvring under the protection of the government, shall be executed. The POUM shall be a member of the Revolutionary Junta because they stood by the workers."

The Regional Committee decided not to concur with this proclamation. The Libertarian Youth likewise rejected it. On the next day, Thursday, May 6th, their official statement was printed in the entire press of Barcelona.

The Anarchists were persecuted; the Anarchists were murdered; the Anarchists were outlawed. Still they limited themselves only to defense, and never attacked. Yet when the lie was circulated that the Anarchists were doing the attacking, the world press seized upon it eagerly and spread it to the four corners of the earth.

On the following day the papers published the number of victims: 500 dead and over 1,500 wounded. A terrible indictment against those who provoked such a fratricidal war.

During the night of May 5-6th, the two trade unions, the UGT and the CNT agreed to call upon the workers to return to work again.... This appeal was broadcast over the radio and appeared the next morning in every paper in Barcelona. But to no avail. Work was not resumed in any place. The police continued in their hostile attitude and fortified their positions further during the night with the obvious intention of extending the struggle. Provocations by the political parties continued in the hope of shaking the faith of the workers in the conduct of the committees of the CNT and the FAI. The fighting was resumed. Bitterness and discontent filled the workers. The Valencia government intervened more energetically into the affairs of Barcelona. Two Spanish warships were ordered to the port of Barcelona.

Again news to cause destruction. 1,500 troops are on their way from Valencia. Another 2,500 will follow. Against whom are they mobilizing? Against the workers? In the streets of Barcelona everybody was being searched. Those who had membership books from the CNT were regarded as enemies. The book was taken away and torn up. Often, mere possession of such a book was cause for arrest. Dozens of such arrests were being made.

At ten minutes past four, the Under Secretary of the State, Juan Molina, member of the FAI, communicated that General Pozas had presented himself at the Capitania to take over his office as Chief of the Fourth Brigade of the Spanish Army. The post of the Catalan Minister of Defense had ceased to exist. Under Secretary of State Juan Molina, even though he was a member of the FAI, did everything to keep the troops from entering the struggle. Had the FAI really gone into action, the entire military force would have been on their side and victory would have been certain. But the FAI did not want a fratricidal war within the ranks of the antifascists.

The Regional Committee was informed that the armed forces of the Catalan Nationalists and the PSUC had taken possession of the village of San Juan. The armed workers of the CNT and the FAI entered the village, disarmed the enemy and liberated their comrades. In the open village square they had to answer for their actions. They were warned not to take up arms against the people. Then the Anarchists set their enemies free again.

The night of May 6-7th was decisive for the immediate future. The CNT and the FAI had not yet exerted the full pressure of their strength. They still continued in a position of waiting. Should they summon all of Catalonia to take up the fight against the nationalists and the provocateur elements among the police and some of their chiefs? They could have rallied a tremendous force but they did not want to continue this fratricidal conflict. Again and again the Anarchists offered to negotiate, eager to end the conflict. But the atmosphere was tense and the situation continued to be difficult. Fighting was going on in Tortosa and in Tarragona. At twenty past one, new telephone calls to the representatives of the government. No satisfactory answer to their proposals. The assault guards were continuing their march on Barcelona.

At last, at a quarter past five, the government answered. They agree to the armistice. All parties shall leave the barricades. Patrols and guards retire to their headquarters, unions and fortified positions. Both parties to release their prisoners. The Patrols to resume their functions.

Neither victors nor vanquished. That is the will of the Syndicalists and Anarchists. The antifascist front shall not be destroyed. War against fascism. Unity of all workers. That is the firm wish of the workers on the barricades.

The last page of the history of the Spanish Revolution has not been written yet. The Anarchists are far from beaten. The CNT and the FAI are more united today than ever before. Not for one moment were there any conflicts between them during the course of the tragic events. The controversies between the CNT and the FAI reported in the press of Spain and abroad did not exist. The enemies of Syndicalism have been trying to separate the FAI from the CNT, but they have never succeeded.... The eagles of the FAI continue their flight, their wings still undipped. They are flying high, and they shall reach the goal they have sought.

AGUSTIN SOUCHY

If by opposing slavery I go to undermine institutions, I confess I do not wish to live in a nation where slavery exists. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## FRANCE, May 1848 - SPAIN, May 1937

The 24th of Feb. 1848 the Parisian masses were masters of the city; they had defeated the regular army, were armed and thus were the power. A power which the bourgeois government ensuing from the workers' revolution, dared not touch; it had, at least, to deal with them. Louis Blanc, a socialist, and Albert, a worker, were admitted to take part in the government.

From that time on the republican bourgeois had only one idea: to crush this workers' power to which they were compelled to submit. For such a move they needed a trusted body of military men. They then created the mobile guard with all the scoundrels who generally swarm the large centers and the latter were largely paid.

This being done the republicans thought to be able to face the workers. At the beginning of May provocations started: Louis Blanc, Albert and all partisans of the "Social Republic," who had served as a shield while the bourgeois were powerless, were eliminated from the government; and the latter proclaimed that it would keep the threatened order with vigor.

The 15th of May the Parisian workers answered the provocation in forcing their way into the Chamber of Deputies where they made loud their protest. The Assembly was declared dissolved and a new workers' government was proclaimed at the City-Hall. But the bourgeois government called upon the mobile guards. The City-Hall is surrounded. The two powers are face to face. The fight will start! No! Only a few shots are fired here and there and without further resistance the workers left the place. The bourgeois formed a unique government.

Immediately after that Albert, Barbes, Raspail, Blanqui and others were arrested. The bourgeois counter-revolution had started. Its epilogue followed the month after with the terrible "June Days." This was a new provocation, the State work-shops were done away with. The Parisian workers again took up arms; this time they clashed with the mobile guards. There was an infuriated battle during which 10,000 workers were slaughtered ending in the masses' defeat.

The souvenir of the Parisian 15th of May inevitably brings to our minds the bloody 4th, 5th and 6th of May in Barcelona.

On the 19th of July 1936 the Barcelona and Madrid workers defeated the military uprising; they took possession of arms and became the power.

It was then impossible to oppose these masses as they remained nearly the only strength of the republican Spain. The bourgeois had to make up with them and consequently let them organize their own power in the margin and under the cover of the old bourgeois political institutions which all agreed to leave as a forefront.

Later the bourgeois solicited the participation of worker representatives to this forefront. They asked and nearly demanded the entrance of Louis Blanc and Albert into the government, the entrance, first, of the C.N.T. into the Generalidad of Catalonia, then, at the most perilous moment into the central government.

But at the same time, just as the provisional government of 48, the governments of Barcelona and Madrid armed themselves and kept in most of the bourgeois of their ranks, the fundamental Ministry: The Police.

The few governmental forces remaining loyal to the republic on the 19th of July had been carried away by the revolutionary spirit during the days when workers and guards had fought together. For this reason the State had to take its police back under its control. With that object in view the police had been separated as much as possible from the workers; they were closed in in armories, given uniforms, taught the parade steps and above all incidents were created to antagonize them against the workers and particularly against the special workers' police force. These were the psychological preparations.

Then the material preparation. The number of assault guards is considerably raised (above all those of the central government), and while they refuse modern arms to the troops of certain fronts, while the latter must be satisfied with old guns grasped away from the fascist army on the 19th of July, the new guards are provided with the most modern and perfected weapons.

At the end of April all these preparations are sufficiently pressed for the bourgeois to believe themselves ready to start the fight: They have an armed force to oppose and to encounter the one of the workers.

Thus the provocations start.

First it is the hand-bill proclamation given out the last days of April, a proclamation by which the authorities of the Catalanian Public Order prohibits all control of public streets by the workers' committee and orders the disarming of the delegates of such committee when caught on such duty.

As soon as this proclamation is known by the workers they go ahead: three nights in succession, they place themselves at strategic corners of Barcelona and instead of being disarmed, they themselves take the weapons away from 250 national guards, part of the governmental police forces.

All that was noiselessly transacted and even the city did not know anything about it. The first prov-

ocation was thus a fiasco; they had to find another one. Then came the criminal attempt to take possession of the Telefonica.

Since the 19th of July, the public telephone service was assured, as all other public services, by the syndicates, in this case by those of the C.N.T. and U. G.T.

As all other public services, the telephone, under the new regime, went on alright; there was no complaint. On the other hand, the administrative and other relations with the government were very correct; there was no incidents, precisely what was required to sharpen the provocation.

Thus, May the third at noon, acting by the order of the Generalidad Minister of Interior Anguade, the bourgeois representative of the Catalanian Esquerra in the government, Roger Salas, the Stalinian Commissary of Public Order, at the head of several trucks of assault guards, invaded the Barcelona Central Telephone building situated in the Catalanian Square center of the city.

Instead to say they invaded it would be better to state that they tried to invade. For after they had unexpectedly taken the few first floors, resistance was organized in the upper parts of the building and the bourgeois Stalinian police forces had to give up their attempt to take and control the Telefonica.

Nevertheless the effect they were looking for was obtained. The whole of Barcelona was in uproar.

It is plainly manifest that this attack on the Telefonica, the attempt to expel the workers' guards and management from a public service, was only a start of a trial to a general expropriation of the workers, an attempt to take away from them all they have conquered since July the 19th: factories, work-shops, fields... taken from the capitalists and now ran for themselves and by their own management.

Consequently, at once, that afternoon and during the night the masses took up arms.

Everybody was in the fight. On one side the workers. On the other: (1) The governmental police forces, at least those who wished and could do it; (only a part of the assault and national guards, but the whole of the "Mozos" the Generalidad special guards recruited from the Catalanian nationalists);

(2) The Estat Catala members, a true fascist party which belongs to the so-called "anti-fascist" coalition for the only reason that they are for the independence of Catalonia and sharply opposed to the Madrid fascists;

(3) The members of the party named "communist" serving as framework to all others.

After two days of a general fight the C.N.T. and F.A.I. regional committees' reproofs put a stop to the workers' firing; during the third day the bourgeois Stalinian forces continued to shoot and kill people who, disciplined, had ceased to defend themselves. (The workers' loss was greater on the third than on any other day.)

Finally the fight, even on the part of the police, was stopped. There were in all 500 killed and a considerable number wounded.

Apparently however the fight was not carried to the brim. None of the parties seized the other's positions. They stopped as in Paris on the 15th of May because they wanted to stop.

But exactly as on the 15th of May the abyss between the classes, until that time somewhat masked, has been revealed. And at once, as on May the 15th the counter-revolution started. In villages the white terror has installed itself under the police protection. In Barcelona numerous militant workers have been arrested and kept in jail; investigations are open as to permit more arrests; Searches are taking place in labor organizations' headquarters; publications are suspended and others placed under an openly partial and pitiless censure: any criticism against the government will carry the sine-die suppression of the paper that published it; the C.N.T. press is no longer allowed to publish its list of deaths or to appeal for attendance at funerals of some of the latter; all criticism of the communist party is censured, while the latter have the right to attack violently any of the other anti-fascist organizations.

In the same time, as we would expect, the workers' representatives are chased from governmental councils. If in Catalonia they think it wise to still keep a C. N. T. representative, they however, take away from him even in Catalonia the essential Ministry of Defense and any representation at the Ministry of Interior; in the central government they go further. The new central government no longer has any representative from the C.N.T., the Montseny and the Garcia Oliver have as Louis Blanc and Albert, fulfilled their role, the same role, the bourgeoisie has no more use of them and so they get rid of these workers representatives.

The analogy is striking; it is carried into the very details and is nearly equivalent.

Robert Louzon

(Translated from "Révolution Proletarienne" by J. S.)

...the dead sleep in their moonless night; my business is with the living.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



# THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN UNITED STATES

On November 11, 1887, the State of Illinois carried out in the County Jail of Chicago the execution of four Anarchists: George Engel, Adolph Fischer, Albert Parsons and August Spies. Another Anarchist, Louis Lingg, was torn to bits in his cell the day before execution by a bomb that was undoubtedly placed there by the authorities in order to prevent any possibility of the clemency plea that poured down upon a dishonest Governor from every part of the world.

The execution of our Chicago comrades has long been established by every sincere historian as an indefensible judicial murder. But it was not that alone. It was the culmination of a bitter class struggle that was then raging on two fronts. Foremost of the two was the nation-wide campaign begun in 1866 for an eight

hour day, and second came the bloody strike at the McCormick Harvester Company in Chicago. In both movements the Anarchists played the most active part by the spoken and written word. The protest meeting against the police's murdering of strikers, and the latter's attack upon the protest meeting ended in the explosion of a bomb hurled at the police. The wholesale arrest of anarchists followed. The persecution admitted in being unable to prove any of the accused as responsible for the explosion of the bomb. But it demanded the death sentence of the leading anarchist figures just the same. The purpose was three-fold: to annihilate the Anarchist movement and thereby kill off the backbone of the strike as well as to destroy the eight-hour movement.

Thus the authorities of the state of Illinois demonstrated beyond the question of any doubt—the existence of a class struggle in our land—indeed a stark and naked, brutal and inhuman class struggle that can even resort to foul murder in order to protect its chief master, the exploiting class.

Forty years later—the year of 1927—witnessed the re-enactment of a new judicial murder, and likewise again the victims were Anarchists,—Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. This time it was the state of Massachusetts that enacted the judicial murder at the Charlestown jail.

The real crime of Sacco and Vanzetti, as of the Chicago Anarchists, was their working, striving and readiness even to lay down their lives in order to bring about a society without exploitation and rulership of man against man, a society of free human beings.

Flaunting the mass protest of world-wide-thinking humanity, that embraced millions of voices, the State remained true to its vocation that it has been conceived for: to maintain a society solely supported by the bloody class struggle.

Now it is the year of 1937. A wave of strikes has engulfed the land. Supposedly, a "new day" has dawned upon us, since we have at the helm of the national State a "new deal" administration. But does it really make any difference as far as the existence of the bloody class struggle is concerned? One need but follow the news of the day in order to realize that it does not.

Wherever workers have gone on strike—there they have faced and are facing the clubs, guns and tear-gas bombs of the police, sheriffs, deputies, national guards, American Legionnaires, gunmen, spies, judges and jailers. (One wonders if those who are so ready to deny the existence of a class struggle here, or in any other country, have ever asked their sincere conscience how it comes that the titled owners of every establishment were a strike ensues—never get hurt, shot or jailed by the above enumerated personages of the "law and order" fraternity?...) And it remained again for the authorities of the city of Chicago to make history repeat itself this year, even in a more savage and wholesale manner than in 1887. We have in mind here the bloody massacre on Memorial Day, by the police of that city upon striking steel workers—a massacre that alone cost the workers nine lives and that of a mere boy.

Details of the brutality of this massacre have partly been exposed by Paul Y. Anderson, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Dispatch, who saw a secret showing of the Paramount News Reel before a Senate Investigation Committee. The showing of the film in secret was caused by the fact of the Paramount News Company having suppressed any public showing of it. The two reasons that it gave will remain a classic. First, it feared that the showing of the film might cause riots. Second, in suppressing its showing they were exercising the same prerogative as is often being done by the Daily Press!

Both reasons given by the Paramount Company bespeak far more louder of the existence of a class struggle in our midst than a million voices of radicals ever could. (The exposure of the suppression of the film finally caused the Paramount Company to release its showing, but very few film houses are awaiting themselves of the opportunity, and the city of Chicago has forbidden its being shown.)

## To Massachusetts

(For Sacco & Vanzetti)

Ten years since coward hearts and craven will  
Blew out two flames whose glow they could not bear,  
Whose light they feared—The fools, they hoped to still  
A radiance no poltroon eyes may dare.  
Can pismire skill delay the coming dawn,  
Or crowned beldames prevent the rising tide?  
Can shrivelled nerves compete with youth and brawn,

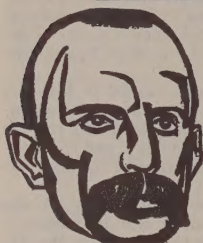
Or unctuous tears revive the crucified?  
Ten years since greed, behind a legal screen,  
Exceeded Nero in its wanton hate.  
Now rising from those ashes can be seen  
A thousand flames, no law can suffocate.  
For this, it seems, is Time's unchanged design—  
All greed can do is build a Frankenstein.

JACK GREENBERG

Thus we have: November 11, 1887, August 23, 1927 and May 30, 1937. Fifty years ago, ten years ago, and to-day. Each period representing an incontrovertible demonstration of the existence of the bloody class struggle in our land.

Let no one think for a single moment that we lay emphasis upon pointing at the existence of the class struggle out of any motive of joy or satisfaction. Not at all! But we do lay emphasis on this: that it is because of the existence of a bloody class struggle—that we are working and striving for the dawn of that day when the class struggle shall no longer blot our lives.

To achieve the termination of the class struggle the oppressed of this or any other land must tear off their bodies the two leeches that now hold them in



## Bartolomeo Vanzetti

Born 1888 in Italy

Judicially Murdered in  
U. S. in 1927

*I have never committed a crime in my life... I have fought against crime, and I have fought and I have sacrificed myself even to eliminate the crimes that the law and church legitimate\* and sanctify.*

*I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical... but I am so convinced to be right, that you can only kill me once, but if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times, I would live again to do what I have done already.*

*An almost centennial struggle against every form of exploitation, oppression and fraud, taught us that "the wolf eats him who makes himself a sheep."*

*There is no spirit of sacrifice in this deed. I simply realize to be in merciless hands, and do my utmost to say to my enemy that he is wrong.*

*Authority, Power and Privilege would not last a day upon the face of the earth, were it not because those who possess them, and those who prostitute their army to their defence do suppress, repress, mercilessly and inescapable every efforts of liberations of each and all the rebels.*

*The struggle for the liberty, between the oppressor and the oppressed, shall continue beyond the life, beyond the graves. I know what they have done and are doing to me and to thousands of others, rebels and lovers. And I know that they are and will always be ready to do against us. I know the millions of youth that they slandered, the virgins that they have torn in the breast; the millions of wives that they have widowed; the millions of bastards that they let to miasma of the gutter, or grown to the fabricide. I know the old fathers and mothers whom they killed by breaking their hearts; and all the children that they starved and are starving to death; and the hospitals and the crazy-houses filled of their victims, and the little criminals, victims, irresponsible and semi-compelled to crime that they mercilessly executed or entombed alive. They have never had pity... and they will never have it.*

*Until not a man will be exploited or oppressed by another man, we will never bend the banner of freedom.*

*I will ask for revenge.... The only vengeance that could placate me is the realization of freedom, the great deliverance which would benefit all my friends as well as all my enemies.... But till that, the struggle goes on, till we are breath to breath with the enemy, fighting with short arms, till then, to fight is our duty, our right, our necessity.... Justice is suppressed with fire and iron, by the tyrants and their blackguards. And for iron and fire the liberation calls.*

*This is a war of plutocracy against liberty, against the people.*

*We die for Anarchy. Long live Anarchy.*

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

\* As in the instance of the printed letters of Sacco, no change in the spelling and form has been made in the printed letters of Vanzetti.—EDITOR.

## Nicola Sacco

Born 1891 in Italy

Judicially Murdered in

U. S. in 1927



*I know the sentence will be between two classes, the oppressed class and the rich class, and there will always be collision between one and the other. We fraternize the people with books, with the literature. You persecute the people, tyrannise them and kill them. You try to put a path between us and some other nationality that hates each other. That is why I am here today on this bench, for having been of the oppressed class. Well, you are the oppressor.*

*If the conscience of Massachusetts justice have the chance to hang us, don't worry... they will inexorably execute us.*

*It is true, indeed, that they can execute the body, but they cannot execute the idea which is bound to live. And certainly, as long as this sistem\* of things, the exploitation of man on other man reign, will remain always the fight between those two opposite classes, today and always.*

*But remember always, Dante\*\*, in the play of happiness, don't use all for yourself only, but down yourself one step, at your side and help the weak over that cry for help, help the prosecuted and the victim, because they are your better friends; they are the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest and joy of freedom for all and the poor workers. In this struggle of life you will find more love and you will be loved.*

NICOLA SACCO

\* The spelling and form has not been changed in any of the printed letters from which these excerpts are taken—Ed.

\*\* A son of Sacco.

physical and mental shackles: exploitation and rulership.

Our comrades that were judicially murdered at Chicago and Boston, the nine murdered men and a boy this year—again in the City of Chicago—as well as every suffering inflicted upon the exploited rebels against exploitation and rulership.—all these have become a symbol that calls upon every sincere man and woman not to relent until that day when humanity shall at last be able to look back upon the passing of the exploiting and ruling class, and its accompanying bloody struggles, with abhorrence and contempt for those who had maintained such a system of life, and with pride and love to the memory of those who gave their lives in order to make possible the Dawn of an Emancipated Mankind.

## About The Congress

DEAR COMRADES:

You must be aware of the tragic events that took place in Catalonia during the first week of May. It was a counter-revolutionary movement directed against the revolutionary demands of the Spanish proletariat in Catalonia.

The Anarchist Federation of Iberia did not provoke this movement, nor did it wish to conduct a fratricidal struggle within the ranks of the proletariat engaged in a war against the fascist enemy.

Republican Spain is in league with all the bourgeois democratic forces, on a national and international scale, to undermine our Anarchist Movement and prepare the ground for a political intrigue in the League of Nations against the Spanish proletariat.

We find ourselves in a very tense situation that requires the attention of all our forces within the country in order to face the growing reaction. For these reasons we cannot find the time to prepare a big International Anarchist Congress that would be a worthy expression of our Movement. We are therefore, obliged to call the Congress off, and prepare, instead, a more limited Conference. This Conference will be held in Barcelona in June.

We are certain that you will approve our attitude and we remain, as ever, devoted to our international struggle for the emancipation of the people and for the Anarchist Ideal.

THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF IBERIA

## MAN!

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# IDEAS of ANARCHISM:

## Anarchism, Change and the Machine

There are two spirits abroad in the world—the spirit of Caution, the spirit of Dare, the spirit of Quiescence, the spirit of Unrest; the spirit of Immobility, the spirit of Change; the spirit of—Hold-fast-to-that-which-you-have, the spirit of Let go and fly to that which you have not; the spirit of the slow and steady builder, careful of its labors, loath to part with any of its achievements, wishful to keep, and unable to discriminate between what is worth keeping and what is better cast aside, and the spirit of inspirational destroyer, fertile in creative fancies, volatile, careless in its luxuriance of effort, inclined to cast away the good together with the bad.

Society is a quivering balance, eternally struck afresh, between these two. Those who look upon Man, as most Anarchists do, as a link in the chain of evolution, see in these two social tendencies the sum of the tendencies of individual men, which in common with the tendencies of all organic life are the result of the action and counter-action of inheritance and adaptation. Inheritance, continually tending to repeat what has been, long after it is outgrown; adaptation continually tending to break down forms. The same tendencies under other names are observed in the inorganic world as well, and anyone who is possessed by the modern scientific mania for Monism can easily follow out the line to the vanishing point of human knowledge.

Anarchism, alone, apart from any proposed economic reform, is just the latest reply out of many the past has given, to that daring, breakaway, volatile, changeful spirit which is never content. The society of which we are part puts certain oppressions upon us—oppressions which have arisen out of the very changes accomplished by this same spirit, combined with the hard and fast lines of old habits acquired and fixed before the changes were thought of. Machinery, which as our Socialistic comrades continually emphasize, has wrought a revolution in Industry, is the creation of the Dare Spirit; it has fought its way against ancient customs, privilege, and cowardice at every step, as the history of any invention would show if traced backward through all its transformations. And what is the result of it? That a system of working, altogether appropriate to hand production and capable of generating no great oppressions while industry remained in that state, has been stretched, strained to fit production in mass, till we are reaching the bursting point; once more the spirit of Dare must assert itself—claim new freedoms, since the old ones are rendered null and void by the present methods of production.

To speak in detail: in the old days of Master and Man—not so old but what many of the older workmen can recall the conditions, the workshop was a fairly easy-going place where employer and employed worked together, knew no class feelings, chummed it out of hours, as a rule were not obliged to rush, and when they were, relied upon the principle of common interest and friendship (not upon a slave-owner's power) for overtime assistance. The proportional profit on each man's labor may even have been in general higher, but the total amount possible to be undertaken by one employer was relatively so small that no tremendous aggregations of wealth could arise. To be an employer gave no man power over another's incomings and outgoings, neither upon his speech while at work, nor to force him beyond endurance when busy, nor to subject him to fines and tributes for undesired things, such as ice-water, dirty spittoons, cups of un-drinkable tea and the like; nor to the unmentionable indecencies of the large factory. The individuality of the workman was a plainly recognized quantity: his life was his own; he could not be locked in and driven to death, like a street-car horse, for the good of the general public and the paramount importance of Society.

With the application of steam-power and the development of Machinery, came these large groupings of workers, this subdivision of work, which has made of the employer a man apart, having interests hostile to those of his employee, living in another circle altogether, knowing nothing of them but as so many units of power, to be reckoned with as he does his machines, for the most part despising them, at his very best regarding them as dependents whom he is bound in some respects to care for, as a humane man cares for an old horse he cannot use. Such is his relation to his employees; while to the general public he becomes simply an immense cuttlefish with tentacles reaching everywhere—each tiny profit-sucking mouth producing no great effect, but in aggregate drawing up such a body of wealth as makes any declaration of equality or freedom between him and the worker a thing to laugh at.

The time has come therefore when the spirit of Dare calls loud through every factory and workshop for a change in the relations of master and man. There must be some arrangement possible which will preserve the benefits of the new production and at the same time restore the individual dignity of the worker—give back the bold independence of the old master of his trade, together with such added freedoms as may properly accrue to him as his special advantage from society's material developments.

This is the particular message of Anarchism to the worker. It is not an economic system; it does not come to you with detailed plans of how you, the workers, are to conduct industry; nor systemized methods of exchange; nor careful paper organizations of "the administration of things." It simply calls upon the spirit of individuality to rise up from its abasement, and hold itself paramount in no matter what economic reorganization shall come about. Be men first of all, not held in slavery by the things you make; let your gospel be, "Things for men, not men for things."

Socialism, economically considered, is a positive proposition for such reorganization. It is an attempt, in the main, to grasp at those great new material gains which have been

the special creation of the last forty or fifty years. It has not so much in view the reclamation and further assertion of the personality of the worker as it has a just distribution of products.

Now it is perfectly apparent that Anarchy, having to do almost entirely with the relations of men in their thoughts and feelings, and not with the positive organization of production and distribution, an Anarchist needs to supplement his Anarchism by some economic propositions, which may enable him to put in practical shape to himself and others this possibility of independent manhood. That will be his test in choosing any such proposition,—the measure in which individuality is secured. It is not enough for him that a com-



VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

Born Nov. 17, 1866 in U. S.

Died June 12, 1912

## Voltairine At Waldheim

*Scarce sounds her foot on the dear Earth  
They consecrate who brought to birth  
The beauty that now brings her here  
When the night world is wet and drear  
To place Red Roses by those names  
Whose deeds have won a thousand fames  
For them and for Mankind.*

*How beautiful it is to know  
That in the years that still bring woe,  
Yet give the flowers and birds again,  
One soul moves out beneath the rain  
To bear the lovely cross of light,  
And in our time to go by night  
With flowers for Voltairine.*

PORTER HEYMAN

fortable ease, a pleasant and well-ordered routine, shall be secured; free play for the spirit of change — that is his first demand.

Every Anarchist has this in common with every other Anarchist, that the economic system must be subservient to this end; no system recommends itself to him by the mere beauty and smoothness of its working; jealous of the encroachments of the machine, he looks with fierce suspicion upon an arithmetic with men for units, a society running in slots and grooves, with the precision so beautiful to one in whom the love of order is first, but which only makes him sniff — "Pfaugh! it smells of machine oil."

## The Various Schools of Anarchism

There are, accordingly, several economic schools among Anarchists; there are Anarchist Individualists, Anarchist Mutualists, Anarchist Communists, and Anarchist Socialists. In times past, these several schools have bitterly denounced each other and mutually refused to recognize each other as Anarchist at all. The more narrow-minded on both sides still do so; true, they do not consider it is narrow-mindedness, but simply a firm and solid grasp of the truth, which does not permit of tolerance towards error.

Therefore I say that each group of persons acting socially in freedom may choose any of the proposed systems, and be just as thorough-going Anarchists as those who select another.

Furthermore, having accepted it from a purely theoretically process of reasoning, I believe one is then in an attitude of mind to perceive certain material factors in the problem which account for these differences in proposed systems, and which even demand such differences, so long as production is in its present state.

I shall now dwell briefly upon these various propositions, and explain, as I go along, what the material factors are to which I have just alluded. Taking the last first, namely, Anarchist Socialism — its economic program is the same as that of political Socialism, in its entirety; — I mean before the working of practical politics has frittered the Socialism away into a mere list of governmental ameliorations. Such Anarchist Socialists hold that the State, the Centralized Government, has been and ever will be the business agent of the property-owning class; that is an expression of a certain material condition purely, and with the passing of that condition the State must also pass; that Socialism, meaning the complete taking over of all forms of property from the hands of men as the indivisible possession of Man, brings with it as a logical, inevitable result the dissolution of the State. The belief that every individual having an equal claim upon the social production, the incentive to grabbing and holding be-

## "ANARCHISM"

Voltairine De Cleyre

ing gone, crime (which are in nearly all cases the instinctive answer to some antecedent denial of that claim to one's share) will vanish, and with them the last excuse for the existence of the State. They do not, as a rule, look forward to any such transformations in the material aspect of society, as some of the rest of us do. A Londoner once said to me that he believed London would keep on growing, the flux and reflux of nations keep on pouring through its serpentine streets, its hundred thousand buses keep on jaunting just the same, and all that tremendous traffic which fascinates and horrifies continue rolling like a great flood up and down, up and down, like the sea-sweep—after the realization of Anarchism, as it does now. (That Londoner's name was John Turner; he said, on the same occasion, that he believed thoroughly in the economics of Socialism.)

Now, this branch of the Anarchist party came out of the old Socialist party, and originally represented the revolutionary wing of that party, as opposed to those who took up the notion of using politics. And I believe the material reason which accounts for their acceptance of that particular economic scheme is this (of course it applies to all European Socialists) that the social development of Europe is a thing of long-continued history; that almost from time immemorial there has been a recognized class struggle; that no workman living, nor yet his father, nor his grandfather, nor his great-grandfather has seen the land of Europe pass in vast blocks from an unclaimed public inheritance into the hands of an ordinary individual like himself, without a title or any distinguishing mark above himself, as we in America have seen. The land and the land-holder have been to him always unapproachable quantities—a recognized source of oppression, class, and class-possession.

Again, the industrial development in town and city — coming as a means of escape from feudal oppression, but again bringing with it its own oppressions, also with a long history of warfare behind it, has served to bind the sense of class fealty upon the common people of the manufacturing towns; so that blind, stupid, and Churchridden as they no doubt are, there is a vague, dull but very certainly existing feeling that they must look for help in association together, and regard with suspicion or indifference any proposition which proposes to help them by helping their employers. Moreover, Socialism has been an ever recurring dream through the long story of revolt in Europe; Anarchists, like others, are born into it. It is not until they pass over seas, and come in contact with other conditions, breathe the atmosphere of other thoughts, that they are able to see other possibilities as well.

If I may venture, at this point, a criticism of this position of the Anarchist Socialist, I would say that the great flaw in this conception of the State is in supposing it to be of simple origin; the State is not merely the tool of the governing classes; it has its root far down in the religious development of human nature; and will not fall apart merely through the abolition of classes and property. There is other work to be done. As to the economic program, I shall criticize that, together with all the other propositions, when I sum up.

## Anarchist Communism

Anarchist Communism is a modification, rather an evolution, of Anarchist Socialism. Most Anarchist Communists, I believe, do look forward to great changes in the distribution of people upon the earth's surface through the realization of Anarchism. Most of them agree that the opening up of the land together with the free use of tools would lead to a breaking up of these vast communities called cities, and the formation of smaller groups or communes which shall be held together by a free recognition of common interests only.

While Socialism looks forward to a further extension of the modern triumph of Commerce—which is that it has brought the products of the entire earth to your door-step — free Communism looks upon such a fever of exportation and importation as an unhealthy development, and expects rather a more self-reliant development of home resources, doing away with the mass of supervision required for the systematic conduct of such world exchange. It appeals to the plain sense of the workers, by proposing that they who now consider themselves helpless dependents upon the boss's ability to give them a job, shall constitute themselves independent producing groups, take the materials, do the work (they do that now), deposit the production in the warehouses, taking what they want for themselves, and letting others take the balance. To do this no government, no employer, no money system is necessary. There is only necessary a decent regard for one's own and one's fellow-worker's self-hood. It is not likely, indeed it is devoutly to be hoped, that no such large aggregations of men as now assemble daily in mills and factories, will ever come together by mutual desire. (A factory is a hot-bed for all that is vicious in human nature, and largely because of its crowding in.)

The notion that men cannot work together unless they have a driving-master to take a percentage of their product, is contrary both to good sense and observed fact. As a rule bosses simply make confusion worse confounded when they attempt to mix in a workman's snarls, as every mechanic has had practical demonstration of; and as to social effort, why men worked in common while they were monkeys yet; if you don't believe it, go and watch the monkeys. They don't surrender their individual freedom, either.

In short, the real workman will make their own regulations, decide when and where and how things shall be done. It is not necessary that the projector of an Anarchist Communist society shall say in what manner separate industries shall be conducted, nor do they presume to. He simply conjures the spirit of Dare and Do in the plainest workmen—says to them: "It is you who know how to mine, how to dig, how to cut; you will know how to organize your work without a



dictator; we cannot tell you, but we have full faith that you will find the way yourselves. You will never be free men until you acquire that same self-faith."

As to the problem of the exact exchange of equivalents which so frets the reformers of other schools, to him it does not exist. So there is enough, who cares? Who cares if something goes to waste? Let it waste. The rotted apple fertilizes the ground as well as if it has comforted the animal economy first. And, indeed, you who worry so much about system and order and adjustment of production to consumption, you waste more human energy in making your account than the precious calculation is worth. Hence money with all its retinue of complications and trickeries is abolished.

Small, independent, self-resourceful, freely cooperating communes—this is the conomic ideal which is accepted by most of the anarchists of the Old World today.

As to the material factor which developed this ideal among Europeans, it is the recollection and even some still remaining vestiges of the mediaeval village commune — those oases in the great Sahara of human degradation presented in the history of the Middle Ages, when the Catholic Church stood triumphant upon Man in the dust. Such is the ideal glamored with the dead gold of a sun which has set, which gleams through the pages of Morris and Kropotkin. We in America never knew the village commune. White Civilization struck our shores in a broad tide-sheet and swept over the country inclusively; among us was never seen the little commune growing up from a state of barbarism independently, out of primary industries, and maintaining itself within itself. There was no gradual change from the mode of life of the native people to our own; there was a wiping out and a complete transplantation of the latest form of European civilization. The idea of the little commune, therefore, comes instinctively to the Anarchists of Europe — particularly the continental ones; with them it is merely the conscious development of a submerged instinct. With Americans it is an importation.

I believe that most Anarchist Communists avoid the blunder of the Socialists in regarding the State as the offspring of material conditions purely, though they lay great stress upon its being the tool of Property, and contend that in one form or another the State will exist so long as there is property at all.

### Individualist Anarchism

I pass to the extreme Individualists—those who hold to the tradition of political economy, and are firm in the idea that the system of employer and employed, buying and selling, banking, and all the other essential institutions of Commercialism, centering upon private property, are in themselves good, and are rendered vicious merely by the interference of the State. Their chief economic propositions are: land to be held by individuals or companies for such time and in such allotments as they use only; redistribution to take place as often as the members of the community shall agree; what constitutes use to be decided by each community, presumably in town meeting assembled; disputed cases to be settled by a so-called free jury to be chosen by lot out of the entire group; members not coinciding in the decisions of the group to betake themselves to outlying lands not occupied, without let or hindrance from any one.

Money to represent all staple commodities, to be issued by whomsoever pleases; naturally, it would come to individuals depositing their securities with banks and accepting bank notes in return; such bank notes representing the labor expended in production and being issued in sufficient quantity, (there being no limit upon any one's starting in the business, whenever interest began to rise more banks would be organized, and thus the rate per cent would be constantly checked by competition), exchange would take place freely, commodities would circulate, business of all kinds would be stimulated, and, the government privilege being taken away from inventions, industries would spring up at every turn, bosses would be hunting men rather than men bosses, wages would rise to the full measure of the individual production, and forever remain there. Property, real property, would at last exist, which it does not at the present day, because no man gets what he makes.

The charm in this program is that it proposes no sweeping changes in our daily retinue; it does not bewilder us as more revolutionary propositions do. Its remedies are self-acting ones; they do not depend upon conscious efforts of individuals to establish justice and build harmony; competition in freedom is the great automatic valve which opens or closes as demands increase or diminish, and all that is necessary is to let well enough alone and not attempt to assist it.

It is sure that nine American in ten who have never heard of any of these programs before, will listen with far more interest and approval to this than to others. The material reason which explains this attitude of mind is very evident. In this country outside of the Negro question we have never had the historic division of classes; we are just making that history now; we have never felt the need of the associative spirit of workman with workman, because in our society it has been the individual that did things; the workman of today was the employer of tomorrow; vast opportunities lying open to him in the undeveloped territory, he shouldered his tools and struck out single-handed for himself. Even now, fiercer and fiercer though the struggle is growing, tighter and tighter though the workman is getting cornered, the line of division between class and class is constantly being broken, and the first motto of the American is "the Lord helps him who helps himself." Consequently this economic program, whose key-note is "let alone," appeals strongly to the traditional sympathies and life habits of a people who have themselves seen an almost unbounded patrimony swept up, as a gambler sweeps his stakes, by men who played with them at school or worked with them in one shop a year or ten years before.

This particular branch of Anarchist party does not accept the Communist position that Government arises from Property; on the contrary, they hold Government responsible for the denial of real property (viz.: to the producer the exclusive possession of what he has produced). They lay more stress upon its metaphysical origin in the authority-creating Fear in human nature. Their attack is directed centrally upon the idea of Authority; thus the material wrongs seem to flow from the spiritual error (if I may venture the word without fear of misconception), which is precisely the reverse of the Socialistic view.

Truth lies not "between the two," but in a synthesis of the two opinions.

### Anarchist Mutualism

Anarchist Mutualism is a modification of the program of Individualism, laying more emphasis upon organization, co-operation and free federation of the workers. To these the trade union is the nucleus of the free co-operative group, which will obviate the necessity of an employer, issue time-checks to its members, take charge of the finished product, exchange with different trade groups for their mutual advantage through the central federation, enable its members to utilize their credit, and likewise insure them against loss. The mutualist position on the land question is identical with that of the Individualists, as well as their understanding of the State.

The material factor which accounts for such differences as there are between Individualists and Mutualists, is, I think, the fact that the first originated in the brains of those who, whether workmen or business men, lived by so-called independent exertion. Josiah Warren, though a poor man, lived in an Individualist way and made his free-life social experiment in small country settlements, far removed from the great organized industries. Tucker also, though a city man, has never had personal association with such industries. They had never known directly the oppressions of the large factory, nor mingled with workers' associations. The Mutualists had, consequently, their leaning towards a greater Communism. Dyer D. Lum spent the greater part of his life in building up workmen's unions, himself being a hand worker, a book-binder by trade.

### What All Anarchist Schools Agree On

I have now presented the rough skeleton of four different economic schemes entertained by Anarchists. Remember that the point of agreement in all is: *no compulsion*. Those who favor one method have no intention of forcing it upon those who favor another, so long as equal tolerance is exercised toward themselves.

Remember, also, that none of these schemes is proposed for its own sake, but because through it, its projectors believe, liberty may be best secured. Every Anarchist, as an Anarchist, would be perfectly willing to surrender his own scheme directly, if he saw that another worked better.

For myself, I believe that all these and many more could be advantageously tried in different localities; I would see the instincts and habits of the people express themselves in a free choice in every community; and I am sure that distinct environments would call out distinct adaptations.

Personally, while I recognize that liberty would be greatly extended under any of these economies, I frankly confess that none of them satisfies me.

Socialism and Communism both demand a degree of joint effort and administration which would beget more regulation than is wholly consistent with ideal Anarchism. Individualism and Mutualism, resting upon property, involve a development of the private policeman not at all compatible with my notions of freedom.

My ideal would be a condition in which all natural resources would be forever free to all, and the worker individually able to produce for himself sufficient for all his vital needs, if he so chose, so that he need not govern his working or not working by the times and seasons of his fellows. I think that time may come; but it will only be through the development of the modes of production and the taste of the people. Meanwhile we all cry with one voice for the freedom to try.

Are these all the aims of Anarchism? They are just the beginning. They are an outline of what is demanded for the material producer. If as a worker, you think no further than how to free yourself from the horrible bondage of capitalism, then that is the measure of Anarchism for you. But you yourself put the limit there, if there it is put. Immeasurably higher, dips and soars the soul which has come out of its casement of custom and cowardice, and dared to claim its Self.

Ah, once to stand unflinchingly on the brink of that dark gulf of passions and desires, once at last to send a bold, straight-driven gaze down into the volcanic Me, *once*, and in that *once forever*, to throw off the command to cover the flee from the knowledge of that abyss—nay, to dare it to hiss and seethe if it will, and make us writhe and shiver with its force! Once and forever to realize that one is not a bundle of well-regulated little reasons bound up in the front room of the brain to be sermonized and held in order with copy-book maxims or moved and stopped by a syllogism, but a bottomless, bottomless depth of all strange sensations, a rocking sea of feeling wherever sweep strong storms of unaccountable hate and rage, invisible contortions of disappointment, low ebbs of meanness, quakings and shudderings of love that drives to madness and will not be controlled, hungerings and moanings and sobbing that smite upon the inner ear, now first bent to listen, as if all the sadness of the sea and the wailing of the great pine forests of the North had met to weep together there in that silence audible to you alone. To look down into that, to know the blackness, the midnight, the dead ages in oneself, to feel the jungle and the beast within—and the swamp and the slime, and the de-

solate desert of the heart's despair—to see, to know to feel to the uttermost—and then to look at one's fellow, sitting across from one in the street-car, so decorous, so well got up, so nicely combed and brushed and oiled and to wonder what lies beneath that commonplace exterior—to picture the cavern in him which somewhere far below has a narrow gallery running into your own—to imagine the pain that racks him to the finger-tips perhaps while he wears that placid ironed-shirt-front countenance—to conceive how he too shudders at himself and writhes and flees from the lava of his heart and aches in his prison-house not daring to see himself—to draw back respectfully from the Self-gate of the plainest, most unpromising creature, even from the most debased criminal, because one knows the nonentity and the criminal in oneself—to spare all condemnation (how much more trial and sentence) because one knows the stuff of which man is made and recoils at nothing since all is in himself—this is what Anarchism may mean to you. It means that to me.

And then, to turn cloudward, starward, skyward, and let the dreams rush over one—no longer awed by outside powers of any order—recognizing nothing superior to oneself—painting, painting endless pictures, creating unheard symphonies that sing dream sounds to you alone, extending sympathies to the dumb brutes as equal brothers, kissing the flowers as one did when a child, letting oneself go free, go free beyond the bounds of what *fear* and *custom* call the "possible,"—this too anarchism may mean to you, if you dare to apply it so. And if you do some day—if sitting at your work-bench, you see a vision of surpassing glory, some picture of that golden time when there shall be no prisons on the earth, nor hunger, nor houselessness, nor accusation, nor judgment, and hearts open as printed leaves, and candid as fearlessness, if then you look across at your lowbrowed neighbor, who sweats and smells and curses at his toil—remember that as you do not know his depth neither do you know his height. He too might dream if the yoke of custom and law and dogma were broken from him. Even now you know not what blind, bound, motionless chrysalis is working there to prepare its winged thing.

Anarchism means freedom to the soul as to the body—in every aspiration, every growth.

### As To Methods

A few words as to the methods. In times past Anarchists have excluded each other on these grounds also; revolutionists contemptuously said "Quaker" of peace men; "savage Communists" anathematized the Quakers in return.

This too is passing. I say this: all methods are to the individual capacity and decision.

There is Tolstoy, (1)—Christian, non-resistant, artist. His method is to paint pictures of society as it is, to show the brutality of force and the uselessness of it; to preach the end of government through the repudiation of all military force. Good! I accept it in its entirety. It fits his character, it fits his ability. Let us be glad that he works so.

There is John Most, (2)—old, work-worn, with the weight of prison years upon him—yet fiercer, fiercer, bitterer in his denunciations of the ruling class than would require the energy of a dozen younger men to utter—going down the last hills of life, rousing the consciousness of wrong among his fellows as he goes. Good! That consciousness must be awakened. Long may that fiery tongue yet speak.

There is Benjamin Tucker, (3)—cool, self-contained critical—sending his fine hard shafts among foes and friends with icy impartiality, hitting swift and cutting keen—and ever ready to nail a traitor. Holding to passive resistance as most effective, ready to change it whenever he deems it wise. That suits him; in his field he is alone, invaluable.

And there is Peter Kropotkin, (4), appealing to the young, and looking with sweet, worm, eager eyes into every colonization effort, and hailing with a child's enthusiasm the uprisings of the workers, and believing in revolution with his whole soul. Him too, we thank.

And there is George Brown, (5) preaching peaceable expropriation through the federated unions of the workers; and this is good. It is his best place; he is at home there; he can accomplish most in his own chosen field.

And over there in his coffin cell in Italy, lies the man, (6), whose method was to kill a king, and shock the nations into a sudden consciousness of the hollowness of their law and order. Him too, him and his act, without reserve, I accept, and bend in silent acknowledgement of the strength of the man.

For there are some whose nature it is to think and plead, and yield and yet return to the address, and so make headway in the minds of their fellowmen; and there are others who are stern and still, resolute, implacable as Judah's dream of God;—and those men strike—strike once and have ended. But the blow resounds across the world. And as on a night when the sky is heavy with storm, some sudden great white flare seethes across it, and even object starts sharply out, so in the flash of Bressi's pistol shot the whole world for a moment saw the tragic figure of the Italian people, starved, stunted, crippled, huddled, degraded, murdered; far, they came and asked the Anarchists to explain themselves. And hundreds of thousands of people read more in those few days than they had ever read of the idea before.

Ask a method? Do you ask Spring her method? Which is more necessary, the sunshine or the rain? They are contradictory—yes; they destroy each other—yes, but from this destruction the flowers result. Each chooses that method which expresses your self-hood best, and condemn no other man because he expresses his Self otherwise.

(1). Tolstoy was living when this essay appeared originally. (2). Ditto. (3). Was editor of "Liberty" when this essay was written, he now lives in France. (4). Deceased. Ditto. (5). Ditto. (6). Gaetano Bresci.—Ed.

To reprint the above essay as a pamphlet in memory of the 25th anniversary of Voltaire de Cleyre's death, will cost 14 dollars for the first thousand, and 7 dollars for each additional thousand, shipped prepaid. Who will contribute to help materialize this project? Act at once, as the type cannot be kept standing too long.—Editor



# ART and LITERATURE

## THE REPORTER

### Part One:—CLEANING UP THE TOWN

The Chief, as the reporters on the *Daily Telegram*, called Bob Fletcher, city editor, nervously rolled a cigarette. I was seated across the room from the Chief and my nervousness was not caused by women or gin—it was my first day as a newspaper reporter.

The chief, tall, unshaven, hair not very neatly combed, suit unpressed, called me in a slow, lazy, Southern drawl that never changed its note, whether threatening death to some person who has passed his way, or consoling some unfortunate person who down and out, comes to "borrow" a dollar or two.

"Hey YOU." The Chief called me.

"Sir," I stammered, also speaking, I suppose in a slow drawl of the South, for I also came up to Dallas from a small town in the cotton belt and had been jerking soda during the day and attending night school to learn how to use a typewriter.

"Circle around this here desk," the Chief said in a limpy tone. "You are the new reporter... ain't you?"

"Well, yes-sir," I said, at the same time spying those three articles in the Chief's desk which I later was to learn were always there—a pistol, a Bible, and a bottle of whiskey.

"Well, did you see that picture and a poem under it?" the chief said. "I hate poems and I don't give a damn about pictures, but that's one good poem, if there is such a thing, and a good picture. It's called 'The End of the Newspaper Game'... some dope down on the old *Galveston News* wrote it and a fellow who was tramping through the gulf country, —sorter up a tramp printer—drew the picture. It's now in most newspaper offices. Go out there and read the poem and then look at the picture... then come back—if you want to."

The poem I read was a sordid one—a story of an old man who had spent his life following the newspaper game, reinforced by a lot of wine, a regiment of women and very little song. Above was the picture of an old man, sitting on the park bench.

I was young—24 years old. Had started to study medicine, but gave up the idea when, through the influence of a friend in the composing room, I landed a job on the *Telegram* at the big salary of \$20 a week. Anyway, I read the poem, looked the picture over, and came back.

"Sally, God-damn it," the Chief was snarling as he clipped several articles out of the opposition paper, the *Herald*, which he insisted on calling "stories." "Where were you yesterday?... must have been taking a wonderful nap... or maybe doing some research work in the library... well, at least you could offer an alibi for not getting some of these snappy feature yarns from the federal building... come on, what have you got to say...?"

"Well, you big loon, gimme time," a wisp of a girl named Sally Owens, snapped. "Shake your head... you still dreamin' chief... You sent me to the orphan home yesterday... snatched me off the federal run... you can't hold me responsible..."

The Chief for just a fragment of a second was silenced. Then he shot a stiletto-pointed-stare at me. Then he growled: "Did you read that picture and look at that poem?"

"You mean, did I read the poem..." I said, very low.

"Well, anyway, after getting a stomach full of that, do you still want to be a newspaper reporter?" he demanded.

"Yes," I replied.

"Okch," the chief said, grinning. "You'll make the grade. Say, what's your name, anyway...? Oh, I remember, I'll just call you Dick for short. Remember, no drinking on the job and be fair, be accurate and be god-damn fast... this ain't a Sunday school magazine you're working on... we take our murders fast and furious... beat the cops, outrun the fire wagons... Get pictures and plenty of them, all the gory details, cut the throat of the opposition... Oh, I haven't told you, I'm assigning you to the police run... get it, the police run... Stuffy Gowins will stick around until you get acquainted, then he's going to the court house... and listen, wake up... we go to press with the Metropolitan edition at 1 o'clock, then comes the other street editions in rapid succession. Learn to use the phone... learn speed and then accuracy... and be sure and be fair..."

I was amazed at the drop of the drawl and that machine gun sputter of a way he dished out my first assignment. I started to walk away. The Chief said: "Hey, Dick, here's an editorial... we've just launched a big vice clean-up... gonna close the red light... put every chippie in town in jail... the editorial takes the hide off the chief of police... accuses him of graft, helping bootleggers, gamblers and panderers. It's an editorial of real merit, my lad... read it... then read it again... then take it to the chief of police and ask him what he thinks about it... ask him if it's the truth... ask him plenty of questions... we want his statement for a front page story."

I was amazed and shuddered... I knew the chief of police would tear me to shreds. But all I could say was "yes-sir."

"On your way, Dickie, old boy, hope you find the chief of police in god humor. He ought to like that editorial—it's a masterpiece."

Things had happened so rapidly that I hardly knew what I was doing. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I had no typewriter, and asked a desk. Timidly I went back to the Chief's desk and asked very humbly: "Mr. Fletcher, where will I write my copy?... will I have a desk and a typewriter?"

The Chief was scanning the opposition paper. He looked up at me and grinned. Then he said very politely (for he could be extremely polite when he so desired): "I will arrange for your typewriter right now... also your desk."

## (A Novelette In Three Parts)

The chief got up from his desk and beckoned me to follow. Across the room was a desk that looked like it was the first one ever placed in a newspaper editorial office. It was worn and bruised... a grizzled veteran of the city room. On the desk was a typewriter that was of a model almost forgotten. The keyboard was a Japanese puzzle to a person who had learned to write on a modern machine. This typewriter certainly belonged in some museum.

"Now, my lad," the chief said, still using his most polite language and manner. "This is your desk and this typewriter is yours... we sorter like this typewriter around here... it's sort of a tradition. We call it 'the old mill'... lots of good reporters have started out on this machine and won great fame as star reporters. You see, Dickie, old boy, it's used for cub reporters... maybe you don't know what a cub is. Well, I'll tell you,—a cub reporter is a young fellow who thinks he's a journalist and has personal calling cards printed. As you go along in the newspaper game — well, you forget about journalism and become reporters—the newspaper you work upon gets to be a 'rag' and you will know what we mean when we say 'well, let's go, the rag's gone to bed.' And before you ask me, here's your press badge. You might be proud of it now, but in a few months you'll start leaving it at home... a reporter who needs a press badge to get past a police line isn't much of a reporter—remember that!"

"O thank you," I said, as the chief walked away. "Thank you..." The chief didn't answer. His mind already was somewhere else for he certainly had a machine gun train of thought. I believe he was the busiest man I ever saw in my life—just a bundle of nerve, energy and enthusiasm.

I hardly had set down at my desk when a young man, about twenty five, came by. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and a heavy overcoat. He also wore spats and a short mustache very black, that lined like a silken thread across his upper lip.

"Well! new reporter?" he said as he surveyed me extremely close. "My name's Pitts... Donald Pitts, they call me Donny around here."

I started to introduce myself, but Pitts didn't stop his rapid fire talk.

"I cover undertakers—the obit assignment," he continued. "Been on the paper long enough to get promoted from this obit assignment, but the chief says I'm the only man on the paper who can get all the survivors' names spelled correctly... also I take names fast and that helps when the long list of honorary pallbearers come in... got a funny ache in my jaw... something wrong with a tooth, I guess... been to a dentist for an X-ray. Must have trench mouth..."

"That's tough," I said. "Teeth can give you a lot of trouble..."

"But my indigestion is giving me more trouble than anything else," Pitts continued. "Having an awful time keeping anything on my stomach... think I've got an ulcer... always afraid of stomach cancer. Had an uncle who died with one a few years ago."

Pitts walked away, still complaining. The office boy, Mickie, came along grinning.

"Don't mind the Undertaker," Mickie said in a half whisper. "He's got every disease known to man... t.b., anemia... anything that's got a big name, he's got it... that guy can imagine himself into a hot fever anytime of the day or night. We call him Undertaker around here, first, because he's always got one foot in the grave, and another, because he covers 'obits'... you know, calls the funeral parlors for news."

I glanced along the side of the editorial room. The Undertaker was spraying his nose with some sort of an atomizer. I noticed a stack of books on his desk. Mickie again grinned as he passed toward the managing editor's office with some copy.

"See the Undertaker's library?" Mickie asked. "Well, they are medical books... that guy had rather read a volume about pernicious anemia or lockjaw than the most thrilling novel ever written. He spends all his money buying medical books..."

The Chief was hovering in sight. The office boy hastened away to the managing editor's office and I wilted because the chief looked very seriously.

"Hey, kid, I said, get to that police station," the chief began. "And that was what I mean... I want that interview for the 'Pee Eye' and it trots off to bed in about thirty minutes, get going."

"Okch, chief," I answered as I murmured that strange phrase "Pee Eye" in my mind.

"Front Page, you dope," Mickie sneered as he walked out of the city room. "Just write it 'PI' and we'll know what you mean."

My idea of detectives was extremely complimentary until the Chief assigned me to cover police. I thought detectives were regular he-men who usually were slender in form, agile and extremely smart. I also thought that members of the metropolitan police were men of unusual thief-catching ability... smart, alert and honest!

Stuffy Gowins, veteran of many years on the police run, was showing me around when we entered detective headquarters. Instead of seeing a group of smart-thinking, slender young men, I saw a bunch of big fellows whose stomachs stuck out and most of whom looked like human-inverted beer bottles.

"Well, Dick, this is where the dicks hang out," Stuffy said in that crisp Yankee voice, denoting a birthplace somewhere in New England.

## William Allen Ward

"Where what hangs out?" I asked in astonishment. "Your lingo gets me... I can't follow you all the way."

"Don't worry kid... When you enter police headquarters, leave all pride behind... there ain't no such a thing as a detective here—we call 'em dicks, and the copper is a bull, fathead or louse, whatever you choose to call him... you know, Dick, I have discovered one thing during my seven years' reign here at police headquarters... a policeman stands eye deep in the drippings of a sewer main... I always suspected that, but the copper is standing on a reporter's shoulders, and the reporter is standing on the shoulders of the ordinary city official—a guy who draws money from the city is the lowest down individual in all the world..."

Well, in about three minutes, my hero worship for detectives had faded. Just another illusion vanished. I had faced the grim reality of a police headquarters... reeking in vulgarity, dicks dividing the latest seizure of contraband liquor, reporters baiting each other and stool-pigeons standing around waiting to talk.

In the first minute of my time at the police headquarters, my estimation of a detective dropped from an extremely high level to way below the zero mark. In the midst of it all, I stumbled on Jenny, hard-boiled woman of the reeking underworld.

Jenny was sitting in the lap of Johnnie Suggs, detective assigned to the vice squad. She was all lit up on coke like a Catholic cathedral and was doing some fast talking. I didn't see Jenny's outstretched leg, dress above her knee and low stockings, until I had stumbled.

"Beg your pardon," I said.

"Ferget it kid," Jenny came back as the curl of cigarette smoke moved slowly out of the corner of her mouth. She eyed me like a scientist studying a rare specimen, always the time sitting in the lap of the vice campaigner. Jenny, I later was to learn, was a street walker of the old school... she was a dope-head who sniffed coke when she couldn't get morphine, and when she got morphine, or "snow" as the underworld called the white temptation of druggedom, she shot it straight in a vein... therefore, she was known as main line shooter.

"Hey kid," Jenny said to me. "Just a cub... ain't been around much, have you?"

"No," I replied. "Just starting out."

Jenny grinned and replied, "Well, better let pimps, dicks, whores, alone... they are all in the same class!"

Then Jenny walked away with a Mae West strut. I, after all being just a man, yielded to the call of a woman. I trailed behind as Jenny walked to the street.

"Say, Jenny," I called.

She paused under the glow of a street light and then I had a good view of a piece of wrecked womanhood floating in a stinking cesspool of crime.

"Listen, kid," Jenny hissed. "I sorter like you... chippies ain't so bad after all... I'm gonna tell you something that will do you a lot of good. I've lived longer than my grandmother and I'm just 20 years old... I've had a good dose of syph and you run along... stick around the dick's office and I'll give you an earful sometime. I know news when I see it. Say, kid, give a gal a dinner... 50c is enough and run along... I saved you a dose of syph!"

Jenny got her 50c and I trailed back into police headquarters. There was another dame seated in a chair near the office of detectives. She was Marie Neall, sob sister of the morning. I had seen her by-lines for years, but this was the first time I had seen the famous Mary Neall. A dick introduced us and Mary lighted a cigarette and snapped: "Well, how do you like newspapering...?"

"Why, I think I'll like Journalism very fine..." I was saying when Marie sneered.

"Journalism... so you are a journalist... well, better get down to earth and be a newspaper man... I'm a newspaper woman—not a damn journalist... suppose you learned all about covering a murder story from some brawn headed prof. in college who doesn't know a one em dash from a banner... Well, I learned my newspapering by starting in as a cub just out of high school and working for no salary, but a lot uv experience..."

"But I thought journalism as taught in college is fine training..."

At this point a telephone rang and a big policeman who resembled a monster catfish in general make up, barked in a bulldog growl of a voice... "Hey, YOU... you newspaper guy, stick your ear to this receiver... I think it's yore boss."

I just listened. No mortal on Earth ever got such a bawling out as I took from the chief.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing?" the Chief opened like a piece of heavy artillery going into action... "Haven't you been awake lately? What about the holdup of the Greek's joint down of Harwood street...? the *Herald* has it in the final night... I thought you were dumb, but I never dreamed of a guy being this dumb..."

The Chief paused to catch his breath. Then he vomited forth with even viler language.

"And say," the Chief roared. "What has become of that interview with the chief of police...?"

I stammered. The Chief cursed and hung up.

For a moment I hesitated. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and looked up. It was Marie... good Sob Sister Marie.

"I'll help you Dick," she said in a soft tone, altogether different from the scolding tone she had assumed when giving me a lecture on the newspaper game.

We walked towards the Chief's office. She said: "I (Continued on Page Eight, Column One)"



# MAILED FIST or ULTIMATE REASON?

Samuel Polinow

For ages men of intellectual standing have taught ethical ideas to the world. For ages men of social and political background have reasoned with the world for a better and saner social order than the one we are living in. For ages philosophers expounded their principles for intelligent association, moralists preached their precepts for human behavior, socialists advocated economic equality through the State, syndicalists called for a workers' alliance, reformers have unrelentingly sermoned for peaceful unity in mankind, and anarchists alone pleaded for complete social and economic freedom.

The book shelves are replete with the written pages of thoughts and ideals that men in all ages have dedicated for the improvement of human society.

Yet, from practical observation we must acknowledge quite frankly that all the finer teachings which tend in one way or another to elevate the human race in general and correct the status of the exploited masses in particular have so far failed and failed miserably.

Why? Why are people, particularly those carrying the brunt of our social evils, so adamant to the teachings that aim for a better social organization and become animated by a spirit of enthusiasm at the sight of a mailed fist? Why have millions of Italian workers flocked to the raised arm of a Mussolini? Why do millions of German workers heed the outburst of villification by a Fuhrer? Why would American workers rather entrust their dependence to a self-professed representative of the capitalist class?

The plague of "fistism" pervading the whole of Europe, its beastly claws spreading upon the face of the globe, is not a remote potentiality but a vivid reality. We are facing now a social catastrophe that, if not resisted, will lead us back to the savage past of the Neros and Caligulas. A modern tyrant may not outwardly appear as brutal as an ancient one; he may wear a fine mustache, or talk of belle letters, or even kiss little children, as required by the vogue of time, but he is a tyrant just the same. Under his skin resides a tiger that craves human flesh. Already millions of human life has been squandered in the short duration of this monster rule. Already thousands of the Spanish youth have been sacrificed to appease the beastly appetite of an up-and-coming monster, who, punch drunk for power, will stop at nothing, not even if the whole of Spain should become a land of the dead, so that his reign of terror may be crowned with success.

## THE REPORTER (Continued from Page Seven)

saw your assignment... pretty tough for a cub."

"Marie," I said, "how long am I going to be a cub?"

"Now, that all depends," Marie replied. "When you get to turning out by-line articles, it won't be long until you are the star reporter."

We entered the chief's office.

"Hello, chief," Marie said, "this is Dick... our new police reporter." Then she turned away. A moment later I pulled out the editorial and asked: "Chief, I've been assigned to get your views on this editorial in our newspaper, the Morning Telegram, carried..."

Then hell broke loose. When I gathered my senses, I was lying in a trash can on the street, where I had been hurled by an infuriated group of cops. Marie was bawling out the Chief and cussing like a sailor. A few minutes later we entered the city room. The Chief was pacing the floor like a caged puma.

"Ain't no one of you guys got a story worth the PI?" he was yelling frantically, "five minutes to press time and not a page one banner."

"Hey, you, what happened to that interview?" the chief yelled as he saw me enter.

I felt like the devil... I was a beaten man, ready to resign.

"I failed to get it," I said very weakly.... "Sorry, chief."

"Well, what's your alibi..." he snapped.

I didn't care what happened... I had been bawled out, humiliated, cussed. I braved up and said, "Well, God damn it... he threw me out of the door and whipped hell out of me."

For a moment the chief was silent. Then he yelled, "hold the presses.... We'll be going extra, biggest story of the year... hey, Marie, get busy, you saw it, write the sobs... Hanson (the staff photographers) get a picture of the kid... let's shoot the works"....

A minute later the Chief escorted me to a desk... it was all so strange... I was instructed to write an "I" story on the whole event. I did my best. Soon the whirl of what the big presses were heard... it was music to my ears—I believe that music in any sound that men love. The tramp of soldiers' feet is music to the born commander... the trip hammer chants a peon of progress to the builder... the song of the presses is a hymn to the man who loves the newspaper game. That extra was on the streets in breath-taking-speed. I had won my first by-line. Somehow, I did not feel so green any more. I was confident. I wasn't afraid even of the chief of police. Heretofore, reporters seemed so sure of themselves—called the mayor by his first name—put their feet on the District Attorney's desk.... I was afraid I never could be so sure of myself. But that extra with my by-line story made things look different. I had won a victory with myself—I was confident. Now, there was no question in my mind.... I set out to square things with the tough eggs at the city hall.

...the eternal tendency of the soul is to become universal...

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

But we are not concerned about the aims and ambitions of tyrants; they are not to be feared so much. In the course of human history more than one single tyrant went down to oblivion, leaving nothing but a dark shadow of his ugly past. Mussolini may come, Hitler may go but the world will remember Spinoza.

Presently, tho, more ominous of a great disaster threatening the working class together with the whole liberal and radical world is the mass movement that flocks to the vicious dogmatism of these new-born tyrants.

Facing the perilous situation that threatens all those forces that are struggling for freedom we must look for a sensible explanation as to why a whole nation, regardless of class or belief, can be swayed to accept a dogmatic theory of "hooliganism" where the teaching of social ideals failed. It's not an easy task, to be sure, considering that one has to follow the trend of reasoning for something unreasonable.... Anyhow, right or wrong, the most logical explanation seems to find its mark in the following causes:

1. That we, the expounders of social theories, have come to the masses with books while the breeders of Fascism offered them bread—or at least it was so promised in their programs. The rank and file are neither interested nor will they take the trouble of digesting incomprehensible theories about social and economic solutions. They must have "slogans" to catch their fancy—just as a patronage of bargain-seekers will be attracted by a clever piece of advertising. The Fascist leaders very cleverly adopted as their slogan "bread for all" and it went over big, as the saying goes. Of course one thing is promising bread and another thing getting it. Neither in Germany nor in Italy where strict dictatorship is current has the lot of the labor classes improved; what they enjoy economically under Hitler or Mussolini they could have had in any capitalist or monarchist form of society without paying for it with the little freedom they previously had gained. Still in all, the bargain was made and Fascism can boastfully claim a large patronage to its cause, however false and misleading it proved to be.

2. Every war-struggle between nations is inevitably followed by a collapse in economic conditions. The outcome, therefore, of the last World War was naturally subjected to the same effects. With the rise of Fascist terrorism about national unity it likewise brought on a revival for an economic nationalism, which is to unite the Fascist nations on economic principles so as to become self-sustaining in the event of future wars. But here too the Fascist exponents employed their clever means of trickery. Instead of orating about commercial independence—which the average mob neither understands nor cares—they appealed to the national instincts; instead of pestering them with problems about trade and commerce they found it more expedient to inflame them with a spirit of national grandeur. That the scheme worked—and worked well—is evidenced by the willingness with which the fascist nations are accepting the ills and sufferings under their respective regimes so long they can boastfully wear the crown of an imaginary idea about a superior race. People usually fall for flattery. It is so with individuals as with crowds. One can gain the most friends if he only learns the art of flattery. And if Hitler comes to a people and informs them they are the salt of the Earth, and that all other races and nations are "bastards", low-breeds and degenerates, consuming some of the air and sunshine which a Providence intended for

use by Aryans only, he is hailed as the true spokesman of his race; and when he further raises a mighty fist, signifying he is to lead them to the mighty heights of racial supremacy, he is then acclaimed a Fuhrer, a Il Duce, a Caesar, a Napoleon or a Divine, whom they will follow in hell and thunder at a given command.

In back of it all, of course, stands mighty capitalism whose economic foundations are gradually crumbling. In the foreseen doom of her citadel mighty capitalism is struggling to have what little she can under the banner of fascist protection. Religion too sees her decline and is willing to effect any kind of a bargain so her Earthly domain may be spared from a growing atheism. Both these forces lend all material and spiritual aid they have in possession to usher in this new reactionism in which they hope to survive their shattered institutions.

These foregoing conclusions sufficiently explain why the doctrinal idea about a Fascist state could penetrate the masses where our social philosophies failed. We simply did not have the right approach. Our slogans such as "Workers of all Countries Unite," for example, did not find their mark; they could not evoke that spiritual enthusiasm as "Roman Citizens!" "Deutsche Mener!" a fascist demagogue would cry. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the marshallise could electrify a proletarian mass, inspiring it, momentarily at least, with revolt against class dominance. But that stirring revolutionary march considerably toned down with the gradual fading out of the Socialists from the revolutionary movement. In fact, its once blasting tunes have now quieted down to nothing more than a sacred, awe-inspiring national anthem.

What are we, still adhering to our social philosophy of a free society to do now? The social democrats have singly and collectively betrayed the proletarian masses by aligning themselves, uninvitingly perhaps, with the capitalist world (Did not Blum's scheme to blockade the Leftist government in Spain, and the Socialist and communists' barnstorming for a capitalist presidential candidate prove that?). The extreme Marxists, the Bolsheviks, have not proven to be liberators of the working class either (their affiliating with imperialistic world powers proves this also).

Of all the parties proposing roads to liberation, the anarchists alone can without any reproach whatsoever claim in not having mislead or betrayed the workers. It therefore falls upon us to untiringly continue spreading our ideals amongst them. But how? We cannot raise a mighty fist in the fashion of a Mussolini. Nor can we foam with racial hatred like a Hitler. We have not the means nor the desire to do so. Our philosophy for a free and undominated society appeals more to reason than to instinct. Intellectual persuasion is the basic hope for our ideal society. Liberty of action, freedom of thought, is what we aim for. What new remedy then can we devise to counteract the bigotry with which Fascism succeeded in luring away the masses?

There seems to be one road still left open, namely to lay aside for the moment our over-emphasis on the theoretical philosophies about a future society and rather point out to the misled masses as strongly and as emphatically we can the growing menace that now threatens to plunge the working class of the world in a new state of feudalism—which is fascism. That seems to be the only momentary solution. We cannot match them with fists, but we may drown them with our voice. For, the ultimate victory—belongs, as ever, to Reason.

## The New Changes In MAN!

A change in the publication place of MAN! as well as in its editorship, takes place with the present issue. California again becomes its publication place, only it will be issued from Los Angeles, instead of from San Francisco. Likewise, Marcus Graham, again resumes the task of editing it.

Various causes have necessitated this change, causes that are more or less well known to those who are at all times in close relationship with the task of issuing and safeguarding the existence of MAN!. We trust and hope that the change will likewise meet with the approval of the greater part of our readers as well.

The readers are no doubt aware of the fact that MAN! has not appeared regularly ever since its being moved to New York City. The cost of printing it has been much higher, and for some puzzling reasons many of our collaborators seemed as if to have gone on a strike, without ever putting forward any demands.... Facing such unexpected difficulties our comrades having the task of issuing MAN! in that city naturally became discouraged, with the resulting effect that an over abundance of labor in the issuing of the journal made it impossible to keep up a more prompt relationship with the collaborators and readers alike.

The difficulties faced by our comrades in New York City are to a great extent lessened with MAN! being moved back to California. The printing cost will be much lower, and we are going back to the use of news instead of book paper in order to still more cut down the expenditures. We can also assure every old and new collaborator, as well as the readers, that we shall be able to maintain at all times a more prompt

relationship with all those corresponding with us.

MAN!, continuing to expound the uncompromising and clear-cut position of the anarchist ideal, is now needed more than ever before. It must at once resume its regular monthly appearance. We, on our part, are ready to do everything within our means to make this possible. But this alone is not well nigh sufficient to assure the future regular appearance of MAN!. To make our task fully materialize we must have the cooperation of every reader and of every Group that feels the urgency of having such an organ of the anarchist ideal thrive and circulate wide and afar.

With the moral support of our collaborators of the past, and with that of the material support of the readers and Groups, —both having made possible the close to five-years' existence of MAN!— its future existence and regular appearance has every possibility of being realized.

The attention of every reader, every Group, and of all our collaborators and exchanges is called to our new address when forwarding money, correspondence, manuscripts and exchanges. Everything should be addressed to:

M. Graham, Box 24, Highland Park Station,  
Los Angeles, Calif. Man!

Do not be too timid and squeamish about your actions. All life is an experiment. The more experiments you make the better. What if they are a little coarse, and you may get your coat soiled or torn? What if you do fail, and get fairly rolled in the dirt once or twice? Up again you shall never be so afraid as a tumble.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.